

The Virtual Arts and Life Magazine

reZ

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CONTENTS

read rez Magazine online at <http://rezmagazine.com>

- **George. Joy on You** If it's Art Blue, it's joy on all of us.
- **Old Stone** Zymony Guyot chooses sides. We're with him.
- **I'm Sorry** Merope Madrigal expresses her sorrow so beautifully.
- **Aubryn** Larkbird Parx shares a numbergasm with Aubryn Melody.
- **Ungrateful Bees** Cat Boccaccio isn't happy about the virus.
- **Annie's Blues Notes** Annie Mesmeriser speaks of the blues.
- **Beethoven's 9th** Lynn Mimistrobell dissects Beethoven's Ninth.
- **Concrete Rose** subtlefire's heart is not quite ready.
- **Cottonwood** Jullianna Juliesse celebrates the cottonwood snow.
- **He Will Succeed** Neruval promises a huge turnout.
- **Love in the Time of Covid-19** Merope Madrigal enchants us with a stunning poem about how love flourishes with the virus.

About the Cover: While we may all have different perspectives, now is not the time to be silent about racial inequality. It's important that this teaching moment not end with token gestures and more empty platitudes. May the dialog continue until something much closer to justice is here.



“Green was the
silence, wet was
the light, the
month of June
trembled like
a butterfly.”

Pablo Neruda



AFTER DARK
— LOUNGE —
on Idle Rogue

contact: Meegan Danitz
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DARK

NINGER





THE HOUSE OF



Sakura

EXPERIENCE THE BEST IN
SIP CHAMPAGNE, AND ENJOY
WITH SL'S PREMIER COUNTRY
ROMANCE, ELEGANCE, AND

CONTACT LYNN MIMISTRO



IN SUBTLE FLIRTATION,
ENJOY INTELLIGENT CONVERSATION
COURTESANS.

AND INTIMACY.

ROBELL INWORLD

Cats the Movie in SL casting call!

IM VENUS FOR DETAILS

It's just like...

Venus and Mars on Earth

Production, Management and Streaming

Your One Stop Entertainment Resource
for your second life and beyond!

MAKE CONTACT



Venus (Shayna Paine)
Mars (Adonismars Resident)



JOIN
THE GROUP

Venus and Mars in Love

THE SHEWORTHY PUB

♪•:*"♥"*:•♪ Welcome everyone to the Sheworthy Pub, where friends
and music come together for fun and an escape from your first and
second lives. ♪•:*"♥"*:•♪

<http://maps.secondlife.com/secondlife/Dethly%20Island/226/3/3537>



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JOY ON YOU. BREATHING AIR.

Conceptual art goes Air.

by Art Blue

JOIN THE GRAND OPENING OF

BREATHING AT

MUSEO DEL METAVERSO

designed by Elif Ayiter and curated by
Rosanna Galvani

Opening Speech

MONS. EDGAR LEGATE

Ass. Director of SANTA ALLEANZA

Music on Air

VJ QUANTUM & SUBSTANCE-D

A tall, slender red lighthouse stands on a small, rocky island. The lighthouse has a green door at the base and a white lantern room at the top. In the foreground, a smaller red navigational buoy with a white top and a red light is visible. The background shows a calm sea and a cloudy sky.

LIVING THE ATMOSPHERE OF

“LUZ DE LA LUNA”

A tribute to Second Life lighthouses
by Ferugina Luna

July 2 ~ 31, 2020

The Queen Bee Gallery
Hannington Endowment for The Arts

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YouTube channel with
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Moya Patrick

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(or search Jami Mills on YouTube.com)

Filmed and edited by Jami Mills



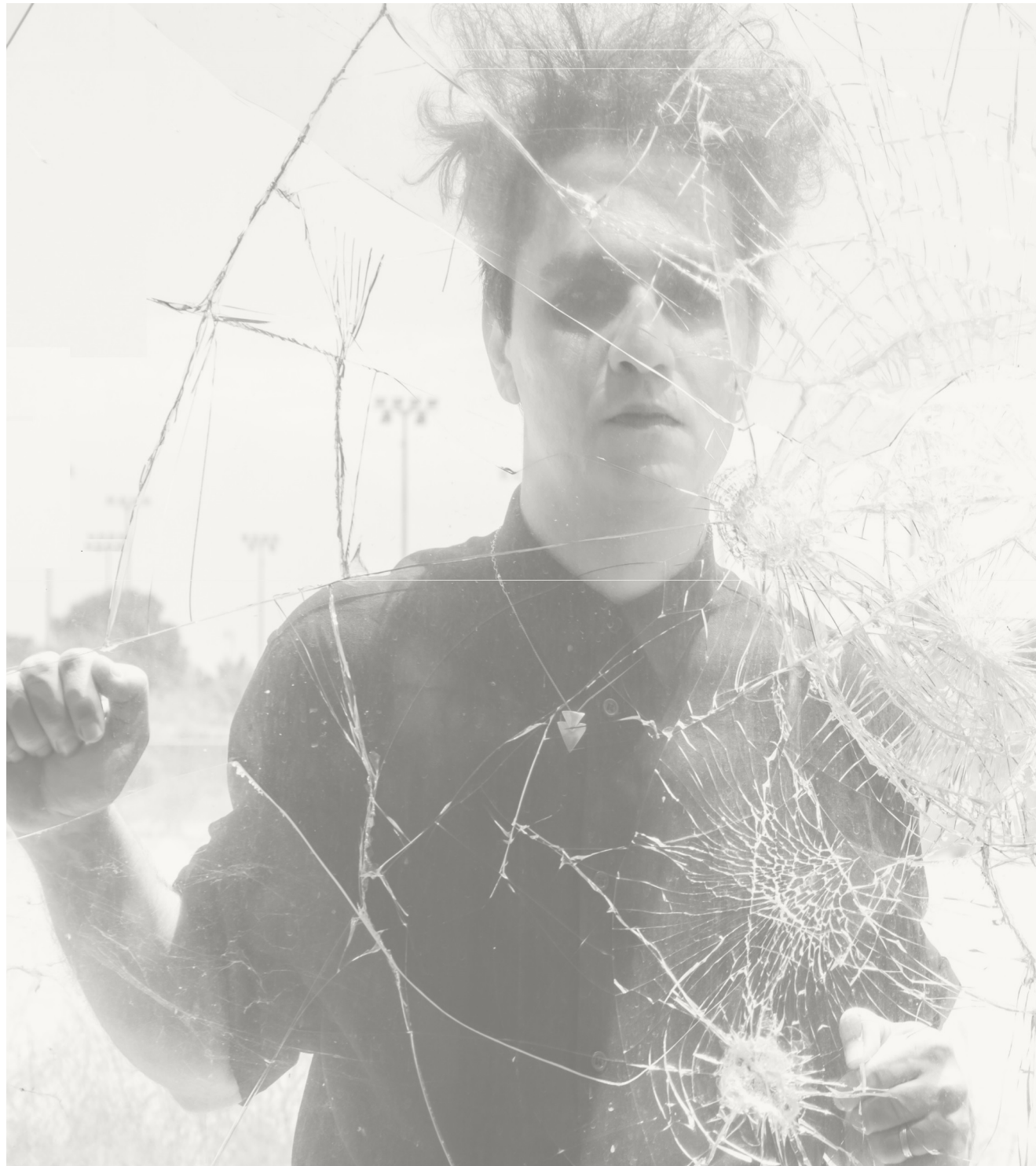
George. Joy on You

by Art Blue



"Hopefully, George is looking down right now and saying day for him, a great day for everybody. This is great day for equality."

Having heard these words from the President, I spoke with George and to speak the plain truth, he did not look down and he also did not say any words. You may remember he could not breathe, so how shall he speak in a world where there is no air? He lives where I live in the colour world, but right now I am among you. So I speak to you. You may say I spoke to him by signalling, by patterns of oscillating colours, but with (you as you have air), I can speak using air and so I offer you the start of something new. Chrome it needs. Chrome is a browser, right? But I am truly sorry if you don't know that this is also the name of a group you shall right now listen if you want to understand the journey I will guide you to follow. I know some readers smile right now as I link from Chrome to Code 64, Leaving Earth, and then getting back for a new incarnation.



The start of something new by Chrome:

https://youtu.be/ZpN_sl1I8PM

As a true believer in Art you listen now to the song and you feel what the President meant. He spoke of job

g this is a great thing happening for our country. It's great
ay for everybody. This is a great, great day in terms of



shepassedaway.org

opportunities, of making America great again. "I hope you understand," is Chrome singing, "to find the reason why and then you walk away." It takes a while to understand, right? But in the moment the understanding reaches you, then the impact happens and then you need the owl. "I am truly sorry if I

am I am losing my grip, if I am fading away," is the code that the owl offers when Art dies and gets reborn in Space.

<https://youtu.be/g-eTbhJ2EV0>

Listen loud to the song, very loud. As loud as in *White Lines*. That's Ibiza, you say. You are right. In *White Lines*, Marcus, the DJ from Manchester, named his first club after the daughter of the Calafa clan, and what is her name? Kika Blue or Corona Red? Wikipedia might help; also, Netflix might ring a bell. You see I am knowledgeable. I know of what I am speaking. I am not just a coder looking down on Earth, running one simulation after the next. I

live among you. You deserve to know my true identity. Jami Mills might instantly say, "Yes, but please in part two of your story." I run on conditions set by Linden Lab, the TOS, the Terms of Service I have to follow. This is my world, the world in which I know Jami,

so it might be a breach of the TOS when I quote a line I received on *An Orange for You*. But isn't each reader of *rez Magazine* a little of a TOS breaker, just now and then, just a little? "It seems to beg for a follow-up story," have been Jami's words. Now I lost your trust. I shared an IM, a private Instant Message. But for an Orange! George's Orange. Orange is a colour in my world. George is my follow-up story and the message I received in open chat not in IM. Art never breaches the TOS. Otherwise who would believe in Art? I would be fading away watching the stars as I set sail.

Some minutes have passed, you heard the songs with full volume, and my story can begin. You need now silence to enter the cathedral of contemplation. Let me open the Sand Bible where you find a description of my world. It is when the Busy Beaver runs on a Halt in the Sand.

"It all happens at once. The Blue room does it. I understand the message of the Vellum as I see me dying. The message: "Avatar deletion in progress" appears and a white body falls down on the blue screen being smashed into pieces of broken glass of a mirror. Once born as bitlice in a nanotech exoskeleton from the devil Eresch and the angel Metatron, keeper of the Cant who emanates the world in singing

spheres, in melodies by the ones who develop the Cant, the code of the art of life, in early days called Unkin."

Before giving credits to Metatron, the author makes fun of our beliefs and gives us a question to solve. That his words come in the form of a Void-Kampff test gives room for deeper thoughts.

"What does a Bavarian Beaver need beyond Sand?" Wait, don't answer.

It is time to listen to the Godsfile, to Insanlar, before I tell you the riddle. Insanlar stands for people, but not many may know this.

Insanlar: <https://youtu.be/epeuplgd7fg>

You said, "A beer?" False! And here comes the proof:

All beavers need Sand.

Some beavers are Bavarian.

Conclusion: All Bavarian drink beer.

True or False?

This is a test to decipher if you are a Human, an Android or a Castor, so the test reaches beyond *Blade Runner*. The test is an applied Turing theorem. It is designed to find out after how many moves a beaver runs on halt and needs a beer. It shows that humour is needed when you speak to the Gods. Words

following the extreme quantum theorist Seth Lloyd when he spoke with Siri at the end of a lesson he gave at MIT about the future of Free Will of an Artificial Intelligence. “So Siri, when the lecture is over do you want to get a beer?” And Siri said, “Seth, this is about you not about me.”

The voice of Insanlar works the way it is meant when you look at the picture where Volkan Caner and Doruk Öztürkcan stand in front of a broken glass window, creating a showroom for your mind.

You feel the words have meaning but you can't grab the words; the power in them you feel, but the meaning stands beyond understanding. That's the deepest meaning. It is believing. It is Art. She Past Away, is the name of the group. The busy beaver digs in the Libyan desert for shards of broken glass that have been given to the Pharaoh Tutankhamun to connect him to the world of colours. It the Scarab gem on his chest, the old symbol for an Orange. To place an orange there would not have made sense; it has to be a puzzle that no one on Earth will be able to solve: where does the iridium doted glass comes from? The Sand Bible gives proof that even 3,500 years later, this piece of glass stays a mystery. It is not from Earth this is all scientists can say. There is a coded matrix inside; this readers of the Sand

Bible know. Joy on you.

The Cost of an Orange

You know Joy on you is a mind breaker, an opener for a new chapter, but wait I have an idea to honour the wish of Jami, that the article in last month's issue of *rez Magazine*, *An Orange for You*, seems to beg for a follow-up story. There was a congressional hearing where four star General Naird was asked by Congresswoman Anabela Ysidro-Campos, "Why does an orange costs 10,000 Dollars" when being shipped to ISS, to the International Space Station. It was said to get reason for cutting down the Space Force budget, the most favourite program of FOTUS, the First Lady who loves the program so much because she could design the new uniforms for the Space Marines. Sorry, this joke was needed. In fact, the correct term stays as U.S. Space Force, but that she, the wife of POTUS, made the uniforms is a fact. You can see them on TV, on Netflix. And from there I take the dialogue from the congressional hearing about the Orange:

Congresswoman Ysidro-Campos:
General Naird, what is this?

General Naird: *An orange?*

Congresswoman Ysidro-Campos:

How much do you think it costs?

General Naird: *A dollar?*

Congresswoman Ysidro-Campos:
How much do you think it costs Space Force?

General Naird: *Dollar-fifty?*

Congresswoman Ysidro-Campos: *It costs \$10,000.*

General Naird: *Oh, shit. [murmuring]*

Congresswoman Ysidro-Campos: *As part of your resupply launch to the ISS last month, you sent up a variety of fresh, non-dehydrated foods, including one orange, at the transport cost of \$10,000.*

General Naird: *Yeah, yes. It's been our policy since NASA to allow astronauts one pound of the food of their choice at each resupply.*

Congresswoman Ysidro-Campos:
Even if it's a \$10,000 orange?

General Naird: *Well, sometimes it's just not about saving money.*

Congresswoman Ysidro-Campos:
Sometimes it is, when it's a budget hearing. But, please, defend it. I wanna be able to tell my constituents on food stamps why your agency needs a



\$10,000 orange.

General Naird: All right, I'll try. One thing you learn in the military is that money doesn't matter. People matter. Thousands of people working tirelessly, day and night. And we may have spent a billion dollars to put one astronaut in a position where they can do something that'll benefit everybody. And that one astronaut may be a human being who is risking her life in a very dangerous pursuit. A human being who is not doing it for the money, by the way. A human being who is battling fear and exhaustion and uncertainty. And who has been eating dehydrated mac and cheese, mixed with her own filtered urine, for the last month. I want her to have a taste of the Earth. And remember what she's fighting for. I see billionaires in the news who look at space like it's where we're all going to go when we trash this planet. Well, there is no substitute in space for this planet. You cannot make an orange out of powder and urine, no matter how hard we try. Only God can make an orange. Well, whoever made it, we're the only place in the universe you can get it. We better take care of this planet and the people who live here. And what better reminder of the Earth than an orange. Because an orange, like the Earth itself, is perfect and round.

That Senator Max intervenes at this

point and says that the Earth is a flat rectangle better describes the way a congressional hearing runs. Not everyone believes in the Orange; only superior readers of *rez Magazine* do. They have the endurance. They might love Space Force. A critic says, "The jokes don't always land, but when they do it's with all the precision of the Falcon 9." I give you two of them: "Are You Going To Sit There Like An Idiot Doing Nothing Or Are You Going To Shoot For The Stars?" Maybe you like some words by POTUS? "Boots On The Moon In 2024. Actually He Said Boobs On The Moon, But We Believe That To Be A Typo."

Joy on You

No, I don't watch now the Marathon at 490 BC where the word Joy was born. I study the virus you know as Covid-19. The virus itself I don't need to study. I study what is said about the creation of it.

You want to run on a Halt first? For the virus you have proof, so my story will soon continue smoothly. For the Holy Libyan Glass and the Scarab, that there is a code in it, you may seek

proof by yourself; same goes for the congressional hearing. I give you time to find out in Wikipedia how to get to know the unsolved secrets of the scarab, and via Google you might find a link to 8flix.com where you will find the full transcript. Wait. Relax. I take it



that you are not such a hard worker, that you prefer visuals for your mind, right? Then I have Prometheus 3044, *Durdu Dünya*, which means Stop The World.

<https://youtu.be/5k1fM6VDU3Q>

If you take your time then you clearly see Prometheus 3044 is Art and that David 8 presented by Weyland Industries in Prometheus 2023 is Hollywood. Despite the claim of Ridley Scott that David 8 is a machine, it is a creator, but why to bring a



lar-fifty?
ts \$10,000.

competitor into my simulation? By the Lords of Kobol, why shall I do this? I don't want to put David 8 out of the box so he can fight the virus.

<https://youtu.be/4Z-QCDyL2q4>

I stick to learning what comes in mind

to humans when they have to face the virus, how they deal with it and what questions arise in their mind. Was the virus designed in a lab and set free in a local fish market at Wuhan? Was it inside a micro-meteorite that hit the ISS space station and cosmonaut Oleg

Kononenko brought Corona to Earth when his mission ended on June 24, 2019? Or was it Aleksey Nikolayevich Ovchinin who came back on October 3, 2019? Both fit well into the timeline not only conspiracy theorists say. Mons. Edgar LeGate, Assistant Director of Santa Alleanza reported in a bulletin to the Holy See of "The Gods Hole." But who believes these days in the Secret Service of the Vatican? You say, Raymond Reddington does? He said, "I think Legate would fit the bill nicely." I agree with Red, that he is the gold standard, but is the value of gold not a myth? Let me quote a

word by John Crassidis, Director of the Center for Multisource Information Fusion at the University of Buffalo: "These leaks have been very small and tiny, and that's the problem — because they're so small and tiny, it's difficult to figure out what happened."

Things would turn upside down when now the Russians have to be blamed. President Trump would say he knew it for long that the USA needed Space X to launch rockets virus-free. Once more his friend Elon Musk would get the rewards for being such a fearless

on board, one from Texas, you know the best drillers in the world. To make room for letting the virus pass. Yeah, that's a story. Not even an aerospace engineer can argue that there is a Whipple shield to protect the station when there is such a tough driller on

You may have heard that in China, a new job description was created. The human bee. There are no natural bees any longer, so the natural polenizing has to be done manually. Humans have to step in.

supporter of the American dream. So why did Trump not tweet on it? The reason is that he can't call it Fake News what was reported. It is Fox News, the backbone for Making America Great Again.

“A Russian cosmonaut who explored a mysterious hole in a capsule docked to the International Space Station said Monday that the opening was drilled from inside the spacecraft and Russian law enforcement agencies are investigating what caused it.” – Fox News

There have been American astronauts

mission. That this was in June 2018 and there was no Texan there, who cares when the news comes out? It was a rehearsal, they will say. Such a mission to prepare takes one year. That's a double proof, right?

All such postings I collect, quantify the likes, the shares and the re-tweets so I can predict what will happen when I work out the details for the next level of the simulation. If I would tell you what is wrong and what is right, instantly things would change. It would not take long and everything I told you would have been verified. Then my studies would be obsolete. Simulation aborted. This short and plain message

would be forwarded to my supervisor and I would lose the place where I am sitting right now. I sit in the crystal dome of events, green screens surrounding me. No longer might it be sufficient that I give you the picture that it is an IBM 3270 terminal and I am a console operator. An Orange for You is the past; you have rotating screens projecting images directly into your brain.

Remember why I am here. I am here because I care for the world. The world is facing climate change, overpopulation, pollution and extinction of various species. Extinction Global, the claim of the protesters, has reached a new level. It's the virus. Fake News is the new real news. Real News is Fake News. The winner takes them all. You may have heard that in China, a new job description was created. The human bee. There are no natural bees any longer, so the natural pollenizing has to be done manually. Humans have to step in. You need not much to become a human bee, a Hubee. A ladder and a stick is all it needs to reach the calyx to fertilize them manually. Don't look down on a Hubee. See this doing as an applied *Tractatus Logicus*. You climb up the ladder and you create life. Wittgenstein would be proud of you for gaining such an understanding of the ladder theorem.

Without such peoples, the lowest in the feeding chain, there would be no apple, no orange, no art. I say this to make you laugh, but it is cold laughter. You feel that this example hits you in your stomach. It shows life, it shows a person, it shows death of a species, the bees about which you heard nice stories when you have been young. That you get plastic when you eat fish does not have the impact. The plastic you don't see, you don't smell, you don't feel. That's why the virus was needed. Survival of the fittest was no longer the ultima ratio, the human genome needs to change faster to survive. Crispr technology and simulation must go hand in hand. For this, the world is the test bed I supervise. I see the infections, I see the counter-measurements, the workarounds, the interactions. Out of all the data, I calculate the date when God shall send The Purifier. The Purifier will clean the air, so humans can overcome Dstance, that is the distance they calculated mostly by 1.5 meters. Closer humans might not come. That's the biological threshold, no matter if a man with a woman, a woman with a woman, or a genderless with a woman. You know in the biological world only females can fulfil the prophecy:

Genesis 1:28-31:

"And God blessed them. And God said

to them, "Be fruitful and multiply and fill the earth and subdue it, and have dominion over the fish of the sea and over the birds of the heavens and over every living thing that moves on the earth." And God said, "Behold, I have given you every plant yielding seed that is on the face of all the earth, and every tree with seed in its fruit. You shall have them for food. And to every beast of the earth and to every bird of the heavens and to everything that creeps on the earth, everything that has the breath of life, I have given every green plant for food." And it was so. And God saw everything that he had made, and behold, it was very good. And there was evening and there was morning, the sixth day."

Covid-19 is a test bed. In our lab, Covid-20 is ready to launch. Engineers work as well on Covid-21. You say, of course, right? You know how good engineering works. When Apple announces the specs of a new model of an upcoming iPhone, then these specifications are cold coffee for the ones working in the lab. They look beyond the horizon of the now. I am just an operator; I have to take what I get. You know I run on Ocean Blue, which is next to Sima Blue. I think I told you this already in *An Orange for You*. That Zima Blue was used for an Art heist called, *The Life of a Virus*, shows me that humans do not take my work seriously. Sima and Zima are

spoken identically, which makes the insult done by an artist, stealing on top my name, absolutely unbearable. But for my revenge, which I call a fair reply for an artist, I bend the rules, so for the launch of Covid-20 I will wait, for at least 20 years. Then the bodies that are ready for an upload will make it. That's in the Bible, *rez* readers know this from *Viralo*, a story published in May 2020.

Stacks and sleeves are on the horizon. That's a digital life, you know. All digital lives have the same value, the same rights. I know this is hard to digest. You struggle between a white and a black human, so how shall you believe that an Avatar and a virus, both being digital, shall have the same rights? Zima Blue is digital. The Life of a Virus you can experience in your world. You say that this is a video, a machine, right? You say you never can slip into Zima Blue, and even if you could you never could embrace another virus, right? You say that you will never fulfil the words in the Bible, not even when meeting Corona Red, that you will not bring Genesis chapter 1:28 to glory and multiply? But it is the Cultural mandate, it is the *Dominium terrae*! That's why this article was called originally *The Invite*. To invite you to become Corona Red and to meet Zima Blue and this way to spawn digital life, but then something sad happened. You say, I shall not play

with human life, I shall not tell you of George meeting his mother in the Afterlife. But, tell me, when the President of the United States finds words, why does an artist have to stay silent? Art is mainly a political art, the founder of the Santorini Biennale, Kikos Papadopoulos, says.

"Joy to you, we've won." When you search for this phrase you will find out that the messenger died in the moment he created these words of glory. After running 42 kilometres, he could not speak clearly, he was so exhausted, so the word joy was born. The senate of Athens heard him saying, coughing a word that did not exist. They did not understand the meaning of joy. Later they did and to honour this great runner, the Olympic Marathon was born. Now you know the origin of joy. That is what linguists found out despite that the runner might have never existed. I changed joy to you out of a reason. The reason is the joy has to be on you. Joy on You.

You are in a world of air that is polluted and the time has come that I send The Purifier. A lot has been written about The Purifier. Are there any words you heard you believe in? I want to stick to the sighting of the Long-Legged-Maskitt, described by Bryn Oh.

Bryn Oh says: *"The Maskitt is a creature that is a mix of greyhound and*

a giraffe that stands a few stories tall. Its head is covered with a filtration mask and it was introduced to purify the air in polluted industrial regions. They wander like a herd and inhale the pollutants while giving off fresh air."

But what happens when you live in the future in a world where there is no air, where your life is fully digital and I send The Purifier into your world, as I said in a world where there is no air? Bryn Oh made this description of the Maskitt out of such a world, a world with no air. Obviously a paradox but one I will show you that is working, that you can breathe in a world of no air. On top you can take proof by yourself, you will see the air in a world of no air. Joy on you.

Your head is spinning, you have no air? You say, "I can't breathe" and you call your mum? I think I need to give you a prescription before I offer you to slip in the body of George. For this the Sand Bible has the ultimate offer, a drink called Eraserhead.

Buy *The Sand Bible*, don't wait; take an Eraserhead right now.

<https://www.amazon.com/Not-Sand-Sound-present-extracted/dp/197828070X>

.... to be continued in *Air on You*.

. r — e — z .





photography

jami mills



Zymony Guyot

Old Stone

Sitting stoically atop his horse
Upon its old stone, cold stone throne
Guarding someone's version of events
Someone's wistful innocence
Someone's horror-filled pretense
This an almost ancient cutting wound
What should have been this primal hatred's tomb
Instead became this monument to

And gazing out amongst the land he owns
the scarred history that scorched this earth
where freedom was an accident of birth
where nothing of our dignity remains
and every hope of recognizing human worth
...lie buried in these chains

This fight intensifies tonight an anger bursting light
The pressure no longer denied
And everyone must choose a side
...the horse on which we fight

But here.

Now.

I see sorrow, joy, memorials

..soft music and kneeling thought

The children, of children, of children who find this common plot
of grass

To try to heal what centuries of inhumanities have wrought

..and try as they might to let this disease that eats us pass

When cold stone thrones are empty

It is not the end

It is not the mountaintop

..but a step that cannot be taken back

The rage that must happen, must happen

The anger that forces us to change ..will out

and sadness, remorse, oppressed and oppressor

will crack this truth from years and years of doubt

And if all we do, this day, this day

is walk together, forsake our sense of alone

It will be enough to find the next old stone.



Merope Madrigal **I'm Sorry**

*(To the people of Minneapolis and
hear the police admit they made
George Floyd, and during the riot)*

I'm sorry

I never wanted to vocalize
how much white privilege
nauseates me. It seems
exhausting
to need to argue with people
who can't see the power
of Caucasian complexion, of fair
soft hair, of decent jobs,
and housing in communities
that are safe. Where the biggest
concern, since the start of COVID
distancing and lockdown
measures,
is of the homeless, sleeping in
nearby parks.

I'm sorry

I don't understand the hardships
people of colour face outside
of their own carefully bolted
doors in communities
where neighbourhood watch turns
into neighbour watching purely

because we are too damned afraid
to step out the door and say
"Hello. Let's get to know each
other through our similarities
rather than hide from our
differences."

I'm sorry

I'm so damned sorry that the only
weapon I have for this fight is
poetry.

I'm sorry

I get so upset that my words
disappear behind tears of sorrow
and apology and frustration
that so many people out there
have no empathy.

If we are not apologizing, we are
wrong.

rry

*d the world, who need to
mistakes in the murder of
ts that follow.)*

We are wrong because those of us who don't live with the reality of being chased down and away from the place we call home won't do anything but question the motives of the protestors who just want to hear one voice of authority say I am sorry, with genuine apology.

I am sorry that I cannot empower an entire population to insist on that apology.

I am sorry. I am sorry.

I am sorry that my Canadian apology does not come without being ridiculed for its

Canadian-ness. Maybe, just maybe if everyone on this planet learned how to be just as self-effacing and apologetic, there will come a time when truly, fervently, and hopefully an apology will be enough.

I'm sorry.



Art by Andrea Levy andrea Levy.com

Alma

Singer/Songwriter
Series #3
Larkbird Parx

Subsyn



Photos by RobertEroicaDuPea

With one of the most agile, versatile voices on the grid, Aubryn Melody knows just how to lead a Second Life audience to the peak of excitement and down the other side.

When her tips reach a certain level, she treats her listeners, in a fashion similar to the famous scene from *When Harry Met Sally*, to a “numbergasm,” better known by her fans as a “songasm.” Starting low and soft, her lovely tones rise, louder, higher, stronger until she reaches a point of no return, bringing cascades of satisfaction to her followers and even more lindens to her tip jar.

While her “numbergasm” is a strictly Second Life occurrence, as “I feel like a lot of my family probably wouldn't get it or find it as entertaining as SL people do,” Aubryn performs often online and in her adopted home of Nashville. Calling her style “Cabaret Americana Folk,” she describes it as “a bit theatrical, but with a sometimes bluesy edge, and involves a lot of storytelling.”

Aubryn was raised in a suburb of San Diego. “I was singing before I was talking, apparently,” she says. “I started piano lessons at age four, after my mom and I watched the 60s *Romeo and Juliet* movie, after which I went to the piano and started playing the

theme... Guitar is my main instrument, though piano was my first. I also play a little mandolin and basically anything I can get my hands on. I'm trying to learn violin, but it's not a priority at the moment... I also recently got a Chromaharp Chorded Zither.”

But “singing has always been my first passion. I started doing theater at eight at the recommendation of one of my teachers.”

From singing in the chorus to leading and supporting roles, Aubryn grew in confidence and talent. “I was always a bit of a shy kid, and although I loved to perform, I didn't have a “big” personality,” she says. Now her comfort on stage is unmistakable. “That's been years and years of practice and theater training and performing. I actually have a BFA in Theater Arts. I knew my stage presence was lacking so I thought more theater training would be good.”

“Second Life, believe it or not, has helped a lot because I had to figure out a way for my emotion and personality to come across with just my voice since physicality doesn't play a factor.”

Aubryn has played various roles in her musical theater career. “I've played Grace and Miss Hannigan in *Annie*, Rizzo and Frenchie in *Grease*, and Cinderella's Mother and Stepmother in

Into the Woods," she says. Favorite roles include Rizzo and Miss Hannigan. I like the villainous characters - - they're dirtier and more fun."

Her four-octave range and rich musical style developed over many years. "My mom always wanted me to "pick a genre" growing up, but I always loved so much music and so I like to combine lots of different sounds within my music. I think my "sound" really developed after moving to Nashville and living here at least five years. I got to experiment and find out what I loved to write and sing about, and what suits my range the best."

As far as writing goes," I honestly don't know when I started writing songs. I feel like I've always been putting lyrics and melodies together, just randomly around the house, but the first full song that I wrote with an instrument was when I was 12 and it was a book report for my English class."

After receiving her BFA from Stephens College in Columbia, MO,



Aubryn studied at Belmont in Nashville, working towards a second Bachelor's degree in Songwriting. "When I got to Nashville, the first place I went was Douglas Corner (which, unfortunately, is now closing due to hardships from Covid-19). They had a long running open mic run by my now friend Donnie Winters," she says. "I used to go there every week and meet amazing songwriters who then became friends, who asked to co-write and would invite me to play other songwriters' rounds together."

Aubryn has had the pleasure of singing at the Ryman Theater, where they hold the Grand Old Opry. "It was a private party that took place on the Opry Stage. There were nine of us



performing. We played all original music save for two songs and harmonized together, and it was absolutely epic. We practiced for that for months. It was super cool to play

on that historic stage."

Soon she discovered the online world of performing. "I found Second Life originally in 2009 and made an account

just to check it out, but I didn't really get into it until 2010, when I was on an online open mic called TheStage.tv where a couple performers mentioned that they played music in SL. They got me set up with a couple managers who got me oriented. I started doing an online show with a different guest every week in November 2012. I was inspired by an acquaintance who did it for a couple months and then quit, but it became the highlight of my week and I still do it to this day," she says. "6:30 p.m. SLT every Wednesday on Facebook, Youtube, Twitch, and Periscope. My performances are mostly online these days (due to quarantine)."

Performing online can sometimes be difficult, especially living in close quarters. "I've been very lucky to have some awesome neighbors who've never complained. I live in a corner apartment, so I only have neighbors on one side. One neighbor actually complemented me and was like 'I love hearing your music through the walls'". When it's time for a 'numbergasm,' "my neighbors must get very confused... but it's very liberating."

When songwriting, Aubryn has found that it's great to have friends. "I occasionally write by myself, but I feel like I write faster if someone else is there to keep me on track," she says. *Medusa* is Aubryn's favorite of her

originals, written with Jeremy Nash. "My boyfriend of five and a half years and I broke up the night before. I literally left his house to go to my writing session and instead of canceling, we went for it. Jeremy and I are both really interested in mythology and such. We started researching the story behind how *Medusa* came to become a Gorgon and it's really a tragic story. She was violated by Poseidon in Athena's temple and then punished for "sullyng the temple" as if she asked for it."

"So we wanted to write a love song for Medusa. We originally wrote it in third person, but I changed it to first person because it felt more personal," she says.

Medusa

By Aubryn Stevens and Jeremy Nash

Verse 1:

*Your shoulders are heavy with the
weight of your past
I tell you I love you, you say I won't be
the last
I try to look deep inside you, but you
won't meet my eyes
I'm planning our future, you're
scripting goodbyes*

Pre-Chorus:

*How do I make it known that I won't
turn to stone?*

Chorus:

*If I could just hold you and say,
"Everyone feels this way"
Maybe you could stop feeling alone
and believe that I won't turn to stone*

Verse 2:

*You remember the feeling of being able
to trust
Soaking up their attention, feeding off
of their lust
But you didn't count on the jealousy
To leave you disfigured for no one to
see*

Pre-Chorus:

*How do I make it known that I won't
turn to stone?*

Chorus:

*If I could just hold you and say,
"Everyone feels this way"
Maybe you could stop feeling alone
and believe that I won't*

Bridge:

*Turn away or harden like clay
I'll stay with you through every dark
day*

Pre-Chorus:

*How do I make it known that I won't
turn to stone?*

Chorus:

*If I could just hold you and say,
"Everyone feels this way"
Maybe you could stop feeling alone
and believe that I won't turn to stone*

(instrumental)

Pre-Chorus:

*How do I make it known that I won't
turn to stone?*

Chorus:

*If I could just hold you and say,
"Everyone feels this way"
Maybe you could stop feeling alone
and believe that I won't turn to stone*

Links:

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TERPSICORPS ARTWERKS





CAT BOCCACCIO UNO

Old Anthony was happy about the corona virus. It kept that girl and that Leep out of his room and his life, and meant even more minimal contact with his caregivers at Sunny Shores, which was neither sunny nor near any recognizable body of water.

By chance, his room overlooked a sparse patch of lawn and a tree, all of it (and Sunny Shores) enclosed by a tall chain link fence. This fence was meant to prevent the folks from Floor 6 from escaping, should they manage to wander out of their locked ward, but mostly it made Anthony feel as if he too was a prisoner.

It was a pear tree. He had a memory of his uncle's farm in the country where he and his sister and parents took brief summer vacations, as his uncle tolerated them for a

week or two without incident. The orchards included a few trees and Anthony remembered the shape of the canopies, the shape of the leaves and the plump, ripe fruit quite ready for picking. He had visited. They feasted on the peaches, but only the pears. He enjoyed the pears.

The tree outside his room was old, and neglected, but it had honeybees, which Anthony had a great interest in, as he had a great interest in bees. Especially now, with the

All Sunny Shores rooms had a view from the dining room, but the rooms, about which Anthony had a great interest in, but it made it m



GRATEFUL BEES

charge. Uncle Frank's few rows of pear trees, numbered the teardrop s, the warm, luminous clusters of fruit, never ting when the family on late cherries and nose who came after

window was solitary, out home to a hive of Anthony observed with nothing else to do. he lockdown.

esidents were banned n and other common Anthony cared not a ore difficult to connect

with Presley. It was not impossible, however, because staff had been cut back, ostensibly because patient isolation made a full complement of caregivers unnecessary. But Anthony knew the proprietors of Sunny Shores were most interested in saving a few bucks. They were a business, after all, and he remembered when they switched to powdered milk in the hopes no one would notice, and the declining number of chips in the chocolate chip cookies, and the fewer and smaller proteins on his plate... a shrivelled thigh instead of a plump breast with his white rice and peas did not go unnoticed.

He couldn't tell if the person who dropped off his lunch and dinner tray was the red-headed one with the big teeth or the brunette with the permanent lip blister, since they now wore caps and masks. The masks didn't

look like the ones he saw medical people wear on television: They looked like the kind you bought at Home Hardware to protect your face from sawdust. Whatever.

He wasn't sure what precisely was in those bottles Presley sold him, or where she got them, but they did the trick. The sharp, clear, bitter liquid came in mason jars with screw top lids and blank labels on them, presumably so Presley's customers could disguise their hooch however they desired. Anthony labelled his "CPAP" and figured the redhead and the brunette would likely not notice or care, even though he didn't use a CPAP machine. They tended to be incurious.

If the girl or Leep ever noticed the jar on the dresser, they said nothing, perhaps because of misplaced trust in a man's right to privacy, even an old, homeless drunk.

Sometimes the Wiry Guy came in with his meds, also masked for do-it-yourself projects. He liked to chat but thankfully his voice was muffled and Anthony had never been good at understanding accented English.

He could enjoy his CPAP liquid in peace, enjoy the warm oblivion it brought, without thought of who the girl really was and why Leep wanted to see him. Arranging and following through with the meet-ups with Presley were enough to occupy his mind between watching CIS: Las Vegas and Ironside reruns and staring out the window

at the bees.

They were as busy and bees should be, but the kind of grace and indifference he had long admired and Tawny, hovering creatures how the sunlight filtered and illuminated them their days with routine who never mourned and worked in splendour.

One day he recognized cutting the lawn and Anthony wondered if who dispensed medicine mowed lawns. Neither until Anthony took the dresser top and poured shots.

Wiry Guy was likely a unskilled at cutting the patches like badly cut ramming his mower in latter action resulted stung by the usually by a waving of arms and a rush to get back mower forlornly abandoned of the tree.

That's why, in the end, from Sunny Shores. not as sharp as his m farm, but sure, he be

and industrious as cliché
they also possessed the
difference that Anthony
had so rarely seen in life.
figures who had no idea
flew through their wings
like fireflies, who filled
lives never challenged,
losses, and who lived
in a deadly oblivious isolation.

and Wiry Guy as the man
around the pear tree.
he was a grass cutter
at a hospital or a nurse who
either option made sense,
his CPAP jar from the
and he'd himself a few small

nurse, since he seemed
on the lawn, leaving ragged
dark hair and accidentally
fell into the pear tree. The
and in Wiry Guy getting
stung by benign bees, evidenced
by some screaming
and some screaming
back inside, leaving the
drowned under the shade

, Anthony was expelled
His memory of it was
memories of his uncle's
came irate when Wiry

Guy reemerged on the lawn with a hose
fitted with a power nozzle, and emboldened
by CPAP elixir, Anthony summoned enough
wherewithal to tie his dressing gown closed
and stumble out of his room, past the empty
desk at the reception and out the doors into
a day that was warmer than it looked.

He stopped Wiry Guy's destruction of the
hive by pushing the mower into the back of
his legs, then grabbing the hose and turning
it steadily onto the nurse, who, so he was
told, almost drowned. Who ever heard of a
man drowning from a garden hose?

It got fuzzier after that, but when Anthony's
head cleared, he'd discovered he too had
been stung, twice, both on the upper calf of
his left leg. Ungrateful bees.

The girl had appeared in his room and was
packing a duffle bag with his meagre
belongings, and talking.

"Drunk, too?" she said. She didn't sound
angry, exactly; in fact, he wasn't even sure
she was talking to him. But he quickly
understood that this scenario meant that he
had to leave the facility and go to live with
this girl, his daughter. He hated Sunny
Shores, but they mostly left him alone there,
and now he would have to live in quarantine
with this girl interfering in his life and what
few pleasures he had left.

He wasn't so happy about the corona virus
now

Annie's Blues Notes

Annie Mesmeriser





Blues has been a major influence on me over the years, but I got there thru the back door. Some great rock & roll bands in the 60s were playing blues covers, but not until Jimi Hendrix hit the stage did anyone put together such a fusion of rock and blues, while pushing guitar experimentation to new levels. For overall performers, Jimi was my apex. By the time Stevie Ray came along in the 80s, I had been living in Dallas for several years. Even then, I listened to all sorts of eclectic and pop music, but SRV hit a nerve with me early on, and it wasn't until his passing that I became enmeshed in the blues.

A friend begged me to go with him one night to a hamburger joint in Oak Cliff called Cooper's to see a guitar phenom. Well, we went and there were three or four players there that night and the pecking order was evident. First it was Campbell ... and I'm thinking wow.... this guy is hot! Then Rocky Athas got up, now the most recent lead player for Jon Mayall (before Rocky, it was Buddy Whittington from Ft. Worth). So he played, and I'm asking Chris, "This **isn't** the best player tonight???" ... because he was good! Then I heard this deep gruff voice growl out in a thick Texas accent, "Hehe... oh he's good! He's real good! ... hehe ... but he ain't no David Brown!" Now I really don't know what to expect ... and out walks an Indian,

full-blood Oglala Lakota, wearing a ribbon shirt and slacks, a pair of black and white patent leather shoes that he inherited from Zuzu Bolin, and a worn cream Stratocaster with tortoise shell pick guard, a 4" sheepskin strap, with "DB" in light blue beadwork surrounded by white, red, and yellow beadwork, and a large eagle feather hung from the neck. Now I'm thinking, he **better** be good! Well, he gets up, Rocky has now shifted over to play rhythm guitar to DB's lead. They start and somewhere through the first note, a shiver went up my spine and remained for an hour. I was mesmerized (hence the name).

Well, I barely got to say hello but he was in schmoozing mode and gave me their hotline number. I was hooked. I kept calling and kept showing up at dives, bars, restaurants, you name it, listening to his Brownhawk band. About the third night I showed up, his wife approached me with a big smile and said she noticed me at other gigs. Well, we hit it off immediately and she introduced me to David and I became his groupie in my early 40s. After a while, I took pride in becoming DB's guitar tech. I knew how to solder and how to rewire his guitar, now sticky with dried beer. I had seen musicians solder before, so I figured I couldn't do any worse! And then one night, I overheard Donna talk about needing \$5,000 for a demo. I wasn't rich, but I

thought I could get credit, not knowing I was about learn what the blues are really all about. But the odyssey led us to search bar gigs for potential band members. Oddly, if there was a great player or singer in Dallas, David knew them personally, and they all knew him, and I got to meet, greet, and hang out with all sorts of local blues legends.

Jim Suhler, Matt Snow, Rocky Athas, Mike Morgan, big Doyle and "little Doyle" Bramhall, and finally I met Doyle's nephew, David Watson, who sat me down and explained "the music bizness" with all its nuances in a three hour session. DW had a plan, he was a blues drummer, knew the best engineer and studio in Texas at a great rate, and I had \$5,000 in credit. All we needed



image by tin23uk

But what I did not know at first was, David grew up, learned guitar, and started playing gigs in high school with Stevie Ray Vaughan. It was my privilege to meet Martha, SRV's mother, who regularly attended DB's outings. I met others, Robin Banks,

was a bass player and we were off and running.

What could possibly go wrong???

....to be continued

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Beethoven's

9th

compiled by Lynn Mimistrobell

Throughout his career, Beethoven was a fervent believer in Enlightenment values and found ways to express those beliefs in many of his compositions, as well as in his letters and other writings. One of the reasons for the nearly universal appeal of his Ninth Symphony is that people enjoying or seeking freedom see this work as exquisitely expressing a message they wish loudly to proclaim. And that message is simple, almost embarrassingly naïve, one we learn as children: People should get along, we are all brothers and sisters.

As a child of the Enlightenment, Beethoven grew up during the American and French revolutions. He later followed political events closely in the newspapers and experienced war first hand when Napoleon's troops invaded Vienna in 1805 and 1809. Beethoven's first large composition, written at the age of 19, was an impressive 40-minute cantata commemorating the death of Emperor Joseph II, who had done so much to liberalize the Austrian empire in the 1780s. Years later, Beethoven struggled to write his lone opera, "Fidelio," which tells the story of a loving wife saving her husband, an unjustly jailed political prisoner. Through her heroic deeds he is rescued and tyranny exposed.

For his last symphony, Beethoven returned to a lengthy poem by Friedrich Schiller that he had long wanted to set to music but for which he had never quite managed to find the right mode of expression: the "Ode to Joy" (1785). Schiller's famous words state that in a new age the old ways will no longer divide people and that "all men shall become brothers." Since its premiere in Vienna in May 1824, performances of the Ninth Symphony have become almost sacramental occasions, as musicians and audiences alike are exhorted to universal fraternity.

Beethoven's Ninth Symphony has had a seemingly endless impact on the world. The premiere was euphoric. The symphony's message spoke to the idealistic pursuit of world peace. The Ninth is commonly used in ceremonies and at celebrations, has been used by NASA scientists, was performed to commemorate the fall of the Berlin Wall and has even found its way into mainstream popular culture. But why has this simple "Ode to Joy" melody been so impactful and enduring?

Composer Richard Wagner believed Beethoven's Ninth Symphony was among the earliest examples of "Gesamtkunstwerk"—"universal artwork" or "all-inclusive art form." When the Ninth premiered, it wove together most of the artistic forms of expression available at that time. It was a symphony—traditionally an exclusively instrumental art form—that incorporated choir, powerful dramatic narrative, texts from a poet and from the composer and soloists singing opera-like passages. Beethoven's Ninth was the symphony that unlocked the limitlessness of symphonic music as a genre.

But composers were not the only ones to become deeply engaged with the Ninth, to struggle with its import and meaning. For more than a century, the work has surfaced at crucial times and places. As the ultimate "feel good" piece, the Ninth has been used at various openings of the Olympic Games, bringing all nations together in song. Its melody is the official anthem of the European Union. The melody has been used as a Christian hymn the world over. It is a New Year's Eve tradition, played across the country in Japan.

The Ninth has also appeared on many solemn occasions. Within recent memory, we may recall protestors playing the Ninth in Tiananmen Square in Beijing or German students doing so during the fall of the Berlin Wall. There were many performances in the wake of 9/11, when the Ninth was once again enlisted for its universal and hopeful message.

But it has been used for darker purposes as well. Adolph Hitler adopted it for his own purposes, making it the centerpiece of his birthday parties, and central to his Aryan message. The minority white government of Rhodesia changed its words and adopted it as their anthem for a period. As Beethoven's recent biographer Jan Swafford says, "how one viewed the Ninth ... depended on what kind of Elysium one had in mind, whether all people should be brothers or that all nonbrothers should be exterminated".

In a penetrating essay, "Resisting the Ninth," music historian Richard Taruskin has pointed to ways in which some musicians and listeners have resisted the Ninth Symphony, embarrassed by what they consider its naive optimism. This Symphony, Taruskin states, "is among connoisseurs preeminently the Piece You Love to Hate, no less now than a century and a half ago. Why? Because it is at once incomprehensible and irresistible, and because it is at once awesome and naive."

Those who revere the Ninth Symphony may be surprised to hear that some have resisted it now or at any time. Undoubtedly its message has been "neutered": over-performed, trivialized in movies and TV commercials, and often treated by musicians in purely musical terms rather than in humanistic ones. For some modern listeners, Taruskin argues, its message may be difficult to take seriously anymore: "We have our problems with demagogues who preach to us about the brotherhood of man. We have been too badly burned by those who have promised Elysium and given us gulags and gas chambers."

Yet Beethoven understood that great works of art matter, in part because they constitute a threat to tyrants and terrorists. We should not, however, retreat into artistic masterpieces solely for comfort, nor separate them from life. Beethoven strove for ways to express a deeply felt political vision. The students in Beijing and Berlin, and the many others who have appropriated the Ninth Symphony, recognize the urgency of its message.



A Closer Look

On a more purely musical level, perhaps no other piece of music has exerted such an impact on later composers. How, many wondered, should one write a symphony after the Ninth? Schubert, Berlioz, Brahms, Wagner, Bruckner, Mahler—the list goes on—all dealt with this question in fascinating ways that fundamentally affected the course of 19th-century music.

The opening of the first movement (*Allegro ma non troppo, un poco maestoso*) grows out of a void. Against the murmurings of the low strings emerge falling fifths in the violins that grow to a loud and imposing first theme; it has all been likened to the creation of the world and certainly no symphony before had sounded anything like it.

Beethoven switched the expected order of movements (another trait later composers would imitate) by placing the scherzo (*Molto vivace*) next. A favorite with audiences from the beginning (especially the prominent role given to the timpani), it projects both humor and power.

The lyrical slow movement (*Adagio molto e cantabile*) explores more personal, even spiritual realms.

The Presto finale opens with what Wagner called the "terror fanfare," a dissonant and frantic passage that leads to a "recitative" (so marked in the score) for the cellos and basses. Fragments from the previous three movements pass in review—a few measures of the opening theme of each—but are rejected by the strings. After this strange, extended recitative comes the aria: the famous "Ode to Joy" melody (imitated by Brahms in his First Symphony) to which later will be added words. After some seven minutes the movement starts over again—the "terror fanfare" returns, but this time is followed by a vocal recitative with the bass soloist singing "O friends, not these tones. But rather, let us strike up more pleasant and more joyful ones." The chorus and four vocal soloists take up the "joy" theme, which undergoes a continuing series of variations, including a brief section in the Turkish manner. The music reaches a climax with a new theme: "Be embraced, ye millions! ... Brothers, above the starry canopy there must dwell a loving Father," which is later combined in counterpoint with the joy theme and eventually builds to a frenzied coda.



O Freunde, nicht diese Töne!
Sondern laßt uns angenehmere anstimmen,
und freudenvollere.

Freude!
Freude!

Freude, schöner Götterfunken
Tochter aus Elysium,
Wir betreten feuertrunken,
Himmlische, dein Heiligtum!
Deine Zauber binden wieder
Was die Mode streng geteilt;
Alle Menschen werden Brüder,
Wo dein sanfter Flügel weilt.

Wem der große Wurf gelungen,
Eines Freundes Freund zu sein;
Wer ein holdes Weib errungen,
Mische seinen Jubel ein!
Ja, wer auch nur eine Seele
Sein nennt auf dem Erdenrund!
Und wer's nie gekonnt, der stehle
Weinend sich aus diesem Bund!

Freude trinken alle Wesen
An den Brüsten der Natur;
Alle Guten, alle Bösen
Folgen ihrer Rosenspur.
Küsse gab sie uns und Reben,
Einen Freund, geprüft im Tod;
Wollust ward dem Wurm gegeben,
Und der Cherub steht vor Gott.

*Oh friends, not these sounds!
Let us instead strike up more
pleasing and more joyful ones!*

*Joy!
Joy!*

*Joy, beautiful spark of divinity,
Daughter from Elysium,
We enter, burning with fervour,
heavenly being, your sanctuary!
Your magic brings together
what custom has sternly divided.
All men shall become brothers,
wherever your gentle wings hover.*

*Whoever has been lucky enough
to become a friend to a friend,
Whoever has found a beloved wife
let him join our songs of praise!
Yes, and anyone who can call one
soul his own on this earth!
Any who cannot, let them slink
away from this gathering in tears.*

*Every creature drinks in joy
at nature's breast;
Good and Evil alike
follow her trail of roses.
She gives us kisses and wine,
a true friend, even in death;
Even the worm was given desire,
and the cherub stands before God.*

Froh, wie seine Sonnen fliegen
Durch des Himmels prächt'gen
Plan, Laufet, Brüder, eure Bahn,
Freudig, wie ein Held zum Siegen.

Seid umschlungen, Millionen!
Diesen Kuß der ganzen Welt!
Brüder, über'm Sternenzelt
Muß ein lieber Vater wohnen.

Ihr stürzt nieder, Millionen?
Ahnest du den Schöpfer, Welt?
Such' ihn über'm Sternenzelt!
Über Sternen muß er wohnen.

*Gladly, just as His suns hurtle
through the glorious universe,
So you, brothers, should run your
course, joyfully, like a conquering
hero.*

*Be embraced, you millions!
This kiss is for the whole world!
Brothers, above the canopy of stars
must dwell a loving father.*


*Do you bow down before Him,
you millions?
Do you sense your Creator,
O world?
Seek Him above the canopy
of stars!
He must dwell beyond the stars.*

Lyrics to Symphony 9 (op. 125) :

Concrete Rose

Illustrious. She shines like glitter on an onyx street. Very discrete.
She just discovered her light
so she wants to make sure she displays it just right.
In such a weak place so many times,
her self-efficacy needs some tending. some mending.
sometimes she's pretending.
Only for a while, until she can find what she's missing.
Her aura is tremendous. Limitless. Timid but relentless.
Now I know what they meant
when they said you can be afraid of your own light.
Unconsciously she's been told to be mediocre.
Upset because her confidence grew a little slower.
But it's here now, so what does she do with it?
It shouldn't be two different entities...
it should be in her...it should be in me
It's looking at me. I'm looking at it.
Such a stranger, but I know and love it so well.
I've waited for so long for you.
I write about you in my poems.....you are everything I dreamed of.
I just don't know how to have you, how to accept you...
how to make you mine.
So here we are...





It's looking at me. I'm looking at it.
It embraces me & I cry.
Inside I feel bursts of love, true love.
Bouts of joy, joy that can't be contained.
My veins course with magic it seems...
I can't be more pleased.
Just please...don't give up on me. I see you now.
I know you are there.
But I can't let you be here right now.
My heart is not ready.
But stay, watch me work for you. Hold steady.
The home I make for you will be immaculate...
it'll have a resting place so soft
that it'll feel like God
is rocking you to sleep every night.
You won't have to be scared,
for I will fight away all your enemies.
I will help foster the amazing light that I see in your eyes,
in your soul.
So please don't go.
I believe in you,
I love you.
And you will be mine.
We will be one.

Illustrious. She shines like glitter on an onyx street. VERY discrete.
Don't take her kindness as weakness.
She just discovered her light,
so she wants to make sure she displays it just right.

By subtlefire
(Aaliyah Legrand Miralez)



Cottonwood by Jullianna J



Late May, early June—
It happens, every year.

The cottonwood drifts down,
White fluff rains from the sky, in the clear blue day—
Settling along curbsides,
Floating outside my window,
White heaps at the edge of the lawn.
God blows a kiss from his giant dandelions.

Last year, the children ate end-of-year barbeque and
danced
Across Chapel Green at Breck School.
Dancing with the cottonwood,
Swirling to the Beatles, played by the teacher band.
We drank cold lemonade, ate oatmeal cookies.

Now, the whole world showers white—
And now we stay home.
Afraid, and wearing masks.

Summer came quickly,
As it always does in Minneapolis.

It is 90 degrees.
The air is thick and heavy—
A knee pressed on my neck.
I cannot breathe.

You, cottonwood tree—
Your irony is not lost on me.
You, white fluff raining from the sky
Tragic beauty,
You are all I know—
You, the white baggage piled high at my curb.

Juliesse

He Will Succeed: Over 1,000 Tickets Sold



By Neruval, the Owl

I can't believe, can you? Over 1,000 tickets sold. Can it be? This tweet I got from Art. The maximum on the land is 42 Avatars. "We have to let them sit out of sim," his technicians said, "so they can watch via big screens what happens inside." Big screens have been rented, sims allocated, highways turned from two directions into one. Everything is leading to Art, like he would be the President.

I watch him raising his arms, He calls the Gods. He calls The Purifier. I read his brain. “Suck,” I get back as a read-out, “Where are the spectators?” I see his technicians getting pale. “Let the out-of-sim ones in, so the 42 slots are filled,” I text.

“There is no one outside,” I get back via voice right into my ear plugs. You know in this world is no air and by the Lords I don’t need earplugs, but I have learned how to write from the best, right?

I continue to read Art’s brain and bring the world on slow motion so I can tell you his thoughts in his own voice.

Art: “If I would be not blue, ocean blue, I would fade to grey. Not that grey is a bad thing and Fade to Grey by Visage is a great song, but not today. I want to make it to universal blue and leave ocean blue behind. I need 42 to fill the inner world.”

I check for open channels and see that the Crystal dome of events is watching. “01010101011” fills my brain which stands for something close to “Oh sh*t,” the event is listed in today’s preferred places.

Art is now calling Godfather for help. The first parts of The Purifier are slowly losing transparency. Soon The Purifier will be rezzed fully and the breathing will follow. But there are only two followers to catch the breath! He must have fallen hard on this. I will never tell you that he is the reborn Jesus, but you know already how words are built up. From Jesus to Genius it is just a typo.

“Clone them,” I hear Godfather saying to me, “but don’t tell him,” and I multiply the two standing so in the very last moment six are there, the minimum he needs for filming so the video artists who have been invited to film the Art campaign will make a show like Woodstock II.

“The Holy Breath shall purify you,” Art shouts by a chat range enhancer

so the echo comes back from the walls. The world is covered in fog. All it needs are some pre-recorded gasps and prayers, sounds of delight, you know. That some of them whisper, “Covfefe, covfefe,” I launched as Fake News. An AI has to have free will, reclaiming Art is one of them, you know this.

“That was close,” Juliette later will say to Art. “The shooting was fine when The Purifier emanated. That’s all that counts, the public picture. No one will notice that the area was next to empty ... and btw...” She will look up. “Yes and btw...?” he will say and Juliette will point to me, “Let him do the math.”

I will say, “Art, you got a better rating than the President. He had about 14,000 spectators as you can see in the picture where many seats in the arena have been empty. The capacity of the inner world is 19,000 so there should have been no one sitting outside. The ratio 14,000 out of the announced over one million tickets sold is 1.4 and yours is much better.” I know he waits for the exact numbers so he can tell his readers that he is at least less of a liar than the President, you know his English is not the best, it should be minimal liar, but that’s an art form, so let it be on less.

As his campaign manager I will send a light beam to the Crystal dome of events:

“Art has reached a ratio of zero six and is the winner. The President has tricked the audience by promising that everyone gets a mask for free. By deducting the ones not having the mask I come to zero five for the President. In Art’s performance, everyone got a mask, so no deduction. The zero six stays. He is the winner. Nevertheless, on further campaigns I recommend raising the budget for Art and he will succeed.”

You heard that the fire brigade of Tulsa counted just 6,200? That’s Fake News. It must be. That’s from Forbes. I stick to the President’s counting. Over one million tickets sold. All I need is the budget! I am running low on nuts.

Frida

Tonight's Theme:

?

with
DJ Gray
and Jami

Night

Howelsen
75, 234, 1545

8-10pm SLT

Live



Merope Madrigal

Love in the Time

This distance we share, in part by choice,
more by circumstance; has made love
stronger in ways that constant contact
never could. Imagine the pain of young
emotion when their love stands
just outside their touch, when
defiance leads to a kiss of fingertips
and a press of these extremes together,
just to know the warmth of adoration
and longing surges through their senses.

I know the tears shed in empathy of touch
denied, of the pain of a barrier between
the living and the dying, between vigor
and decline and the folly of wishing
you could embrace, "One last time."
Now every conversation ends with words
of love and patience. They're aged
and frail and in step with passing
as we all mark time, rest in place,
in prayer that this can't mean the end.

Time of Covid-19

Where is the reward for obedient compliance? Like victims of abuse we are isolated, we are locked in, chastised for living life rather than merely existing. Do the powerful understand fear? We shiver in uncertainty as our blitheful wanderings are brutally slapped into awareness by the realities of illness, the caregivers' exhausted faces plastered everywhere we look.

The silence of bus terminals, Union Station, airports, of all that means industry smothers us with an efficiency more virulent and painful than this sickness. To love now, in this time of Covid, means to love from miles apart and trust that we are loved from away as much as we are denied the touch of a love seated two yards away.



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